

Never Ending Story by witchee_writer

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Gen, I don't know what this is but I love it regardless, M/M, Post-Steve hitting Billy's car basically, Pre-Relationship, Soft Steve, Starcourt Mall (Stranger Things), Unresolved Sexual Tension, hurt billy

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington & Billy Hargrove

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Summary:

Steve is in the back of the car, Billy resting against his leg, when Dustin and Suzie sing their duet. He's not sure he'll ever be able to get the song out of his head again, Billy thinks he would rather be pushed out of the car then have to listen to it, no one really knows what to say.

Never Ending Story

Author's Note:

I was driving to work when this song came on shuffle and the inspo for a bit of Harringrove hit me. Let's just assume that Billy was injured enough for the Mind Flayer to just nope right out of him.

'Turn around

Look at what you see

In her face

The mirror of your dreams'

Steve blinked. He had the distinct feeling that he was still high, that this was all some kind of fever dream. Robin was crouched on the far side of the trunk, her mouth open. No one made a sound, no one moved. There was really no appropriate reaction to Russians and Mind Flayers and Dustin and his apparently-real girlfriend singing over the walkies.

It couldn't be real, Steve was losing it.

'Make believe I'm everywhere

Given in the light

Written on the pages

Is the answer to a never ending story'

"Should have just left me to die," Billy muttered, shifting. Steve looked down at him, the blood matting his blonde hair, the blood staining his clothes. His head rested against Steve's leg, there wasn't much room to put him anywhere else. If it bothered him, he hadn't said anything. His skin was warm again, not the ice cold it had been when Steve had dragged him out of his car. He could have left him behind, should have even. But- but Steve had looked back, and it hadn't been the Mind Flayer looking at them, it had been Billy.

Steve had already hit him with his car, he wasn't going to leave him behind too.

Even if Billy had tried to fight them on it.

'Reach the stars

Fly a fantasy

Dream a dream

And what you see will be'

Dustin hit a particularly high note, and Steve glanced at him, eyebrows raised. He wouldn't look at any of them, Steve couldn't blame him.

"Jesus Christ," he said, under his breath. Billy looked up at him, amused. Steve rolled his eyes, "What? I can't defend this." He blinked, his head spinning for a moment. "I'm also pretty sure I'm still high."

"Definitely still high," Robin whispered.

Billy choked out a cough, shaking his head. "Just push me out the back, you'd be doing me a favour, Harrington." It was a joke, but Steve wondered if it all was. It had been a fight to get him to come with them, he was himself but he didn't know for how long it would stay that way. Billy had practically begged him to leave him behind but Steve saw the veins receding, felt his skin warming. Wherever the Mind Flayer had gone, it wasn't in him anymore.

"Nah," said Steve, softly. "If I've gotta suffer, you can suffer with me."

'Rhymes that keep their secrets

Will unfold behind the clouds

And there upon a rainbow

Is the answer to a never ending story'

They had never been friends, they had never been close. Steve still remembered Billy beating the shit out of him, it had been the better part of his night.

It had been a really shit night.

He wouldn't wish knowing about all of this on anyone, not even Billy. Whatever he had done, the people he had killed, it hadn't been him. And Billy- he looked like he had been to hell and back. Maybe Steve did too. Dull, tired blue eyes looked up at him. He was injured and

weak, the Mind Flayer had been in him for so long it had sucked his strength away. That was the only reason Steve hadn't been pushed away, why Billy basically laid in his lap and hadn't said a word against it.

They hadn't had much in common before, but they did now. And for all his anger, all his nastiness, there had still been times when Billy had offered him a smoke, when he had shoved a beer into his hand at some party, when he had chased away the suffocating darkness without even realising it.

He had defended him in basketball, once. Steve couldn't even remember what school they were facing, Steve couldn't remember much of that week if he were being honest. He knew he hadn't slept in four days, he knew he shouldn't have played ball at all. Steve jumped at every little thing, every touch, every too-loud noise. He had taken one foul hit and all he had seen was demogorgons and teeth- so many teeth.

But then Billy was there, standing over him. He remembered there had been yelling, even if he didn't quite remember the words. He remembered Billy fighting, throwing punches. He remembered feeling protected for once, even if they never spoke about it afterwards.

So, no. Steve wasn't going to leave him behind, not when he could look at Billy and damn well know that the Mind Flayer was gone.

How or why didn't matter, only that it was.

'Show no fear

For she may fade away

In your hand

The birth of a new day'

Nancy drove over a pothole, and Billy groaned as his bruised body was jostled. Steve placed a hand on his chest, tried to keep him as still as he could.

"Don't look at me like that," said Billy, quietly. Quiet wasn't something Steve associated with Billy, it felt wrong somehow. He should have snapped and snarled and hissed, not this. Billy tapped his hand, lightly, "I ain't about to break, sweetheart."

Steve frowned (at the name, at what he was saying, at everything), but he pulled his hand away regardless. "You look like shit, though."

Billy chuckled, and Steve could feel Max looking at them, a glance out of the corner of his eye told him she was worried, scared. "I've looked worse, and it wasn't no monster shit that did it, either," he said.

"Sounds like a monster to me."

Billy's eyes flickered. This is when he would usually bite back, all anger and hurt. He didn't seem to have the energy for it now. "One monster at a time, Harrington," he said. "If we survive this, well- we'll

deal with that when it comes."

"Positive thinking," said Robin, sarcastically. "I like it."

He lifted his hand and gave her the finger. Steve laughed, he couldn't help it. Dustin glared at him and he placed a hand over his mouth. Billy was still looking up at him, and Steve held his gaze, a smile pulling at his lips.

'Rhymes that keep their secrets

Will unfold behind the clouds

And there upon a rainbow

Is the answer to a never ending story'

They were going to survive this. They had survived this much, they had faced the Mind Flayer before, they would do it again.

They would win, they would go home, they would deal with everything else later. Steve was going to survive, Billy was going to survive, they were all going to survive. That was the plan, that was what was going to happen.

"When we survive this," said Steve, pointedly. "I've got the key to my dad's liquor cabinet ready to go and you're invited, Hargrove."

"I'm honored," said Billy, rolling his eyes. He studied Steve, his head

tilting to the side. Steve wondered what he saw, could he see how much Steve dreaded the thought of going home alone? How the invitation of alcohol was as much for Billy as it was for Steve? His fingers fiddled with the edge of Billy's shirt, Steve looking away from the blue eyes that were getting sharper by the second. Billy let out a breath, "Guess we better survive, then. Good liquor doesn't come cheap."

"As long as we don't have to listen to this again, I'm there," muttered Robin. "Though I don't see the hospital letting Hargrove out just for a party."

"Fuck you," Billy breathed, harshly. He coughed, wincing, and Steve shifted him, just enough to try and make him more comfortable. It probably hurt more than it helped.

'Ah

Never ending story'

"God, is this not ever yet?" Billy said, a little louder this time. Dustin turned in his seat to shoot him a glare, Billy glared right back. "I swear, if you play this song at your party, Harrington-"

"Don't worry," said Steve. "I think I've heard enough 'Never Ending Story' for a lifetime."

He wouldn't be surprised if it ended up being the soundtrack of his nightmares, even if it did save the world. Billy let out a breath, Steve could feel his chest rising and falling, feel the heat from his skin.

Though then again, maybe 'Never Ending Story' wasn't so bad. This-
this moment didn't feel so bad.

All they had to do was survive the rest of the night.

That couldn't be that hard, could it?

Author's Note:

I'm not continuing this (probably), but in my head Billy survives and eventually he and Steve end up getting together. That's it, that's all I got. But I hope you enjoyed, thanks so much for reading!